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1. English language -
Dialects - Danish



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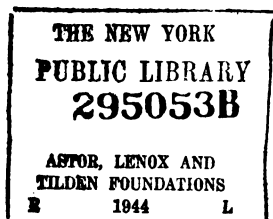
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RUSTIC SKETCHES;
BEING
RHYMES ON ANGLING
AND OTHER SUBJECTS
ILLUSTRATIVE OF RURAL LIFE, &c.,
IN THE
Dialect of the West of England;
WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY.

BY G. P. R. PULMAN,
AUTHOR OF
"THE VADE-MECUM OF FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT,"
"THE BOOK OF THE AXE," &c. &c.

LONDON:
JOHN GRAY BELL, BEDFORD ST. COVENT GARDEN.
MDCCCLIII.

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PRINTED BY JOHN GRAY BELL,
19, BEDFORD COURT, COVENT GARDEN.



INTRODUCTION.

THE "schoolmaster" will probably very soon efface all the more prominent characteristics of the ancient English dialects which yet are lingering in the rural districts.

No one can doubt that the "uncouth" and "vulgar" phraseology (as "gentility" sometimes calls it) of those who lead their toilsome lives "remote from towns," are the remains of the tongue which Alfred spoke, and the foundation of the English language of the present day. "That among an unlettered race," says Mr. Akerman, "there should be much in their speech which may be denominated vulgar, is unquestionably true; but there are also a great number of words and phrases which are as certainly the remains of an old tongue once used in England even by the educated." *

It is but natural that an ancient tongue should linger longest among a *rural* population; for that population is generally stationary in its habits, it mixes little with the "higher orders," and, unfortunately, it has not hitherto been deeply penetrated by the light of Education.

The traveller through the different English shires, is

* Spring-tide; or, the Angler and his Friends—a very delightful little country book.

always forcibly struck with the peculiarities of brogue which manifest themselves. A highly educated man finds it difficult, indeed, to understand the rustic conversation of his own locality; while that of a distant county is almost unintelligible to him. The difference between the two is sometimes one of pronunciation, rather than that of actual words, arising, often, from mere local circumstances, independent of the original root. But in other cases it is a difference of words, which, to him, are like the words of a foreign language, as indeed, they really are, in one sense.

The great root of nearly all our provincial dialects, as already stated, is the Saxon language; and the modern variations arise partly from the corresponding variations in the original dialects of the tribes which came from the different parts of Germany, and partly from the subsequent incorporation of modern words, which, in the course of ages, have become imported, in a greater or a less degree, and in one part of the country more than in another.

The language of the West Saxons is undoubtedly the parent of the rustic dialects of those parts of the West of England in which that people established their rule; for although the difference in pronunciation in each of the different counties, and even in different parts of each county, is considerable, yet there is a remarkable simi-

larity in the words and phrases of the whole, which can, in almost every case, be traced to the Saxon root. All these differences, then, may be safely said to constitute *varieties* only of one and the same dialect.

The following songs, professed to be written in the dialect of the West of England, or rather of that part of it which composed the Saxon kingdom of Wessex,* are really, to speak with greater exactness, written in the particular *variety* of that dialect which prevails in the neighbourhood of Axminster, the most easterly town of Devonshire, on the immediate borders of Somerset and Dorset. The difference in the pronunciation of many words by persons in the neighbourhood of that town and those residing only a few miles to the west of it, is very marked, and is indicative, perhaps, of the more recent influence of the language of the aboriginal race which

* Cornwall, we need hardly annote, is not included in this dialect. It was the last stronghold and unmolested retreat of the ancient Britons when they were driven westward by the advancing Saxon. The foundation of the Cornish dialect may therefore be more correctly considered the language of the aboriginal British race. That ancient language itself, indeed,—or rather a form of it,—was currently spoken in Cornwall down to the middle of the sixteenth century, and it has not been totally extinct longer than a hundred years. The last person who could speak Cornish was Dolly Pentreath, an old fish-wife near Penzance, who died about the middle of the reign of George III. It greatly resembled the Welch language, (another form of the ancient British,) which is still a long way from being absorbed by the English.

retained possession of a great part of Devonshire for centuries after the West Saxons had driven them out of the more eastern parts of Wessex.*

Considerable care has been taken in adapting the orthography as closely as possible to the pronunciation, and only a very few explanations, perhaps, are necessary to obviate all difficulty on the part of the reader :—

The letter *a*, when sounded broad, as in *man*, is distinguished by the long accent (-); *māin*, for example.

E is invariably pronounced as in French, or like *ay* in our English words *may*, *day*, &c.

Ee, standing alone, are intended to take the proper sound of the letter *e*.

I is always uttered thick, as if written *ui*. {This is very different from the sound of *I* in the Devonshire dialect, in which it resembles that of *āi*. *U*, in the same dialect, has exactly the sound of the French *u*.

V and *z* are pretty generally substituted for *f* and *s*. There is, indeed, an invariable tendency to *thicken* the elemental sounds.

O is often sounded *au*, as in *auver* (over); and in some situations it resembles *oo* in *soon*, as in the Dorset dialect: *goo* (go) and *moore* (more) for instance.

* See the Anglo-saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury, &c. These and other ancient authorities are quoted on this subject in the Book of the Axe, p. 119, Published by Longman & Co.

Dd is frequently substituted for *tt*. Thus bottom (a valley) is pronounced *boddam*.

Apostrophes mark the places of dropped letters.

It is of course impossible, within these limits, to do justice to a subject so extensive and interesting as that of the provincial dialects. The object of the writer, as far as the *style* of his doggerel is concerned, is simply to preserve a few specimens of a dialect with which he has from childhood been familiar, and which he is well aware is rich in materials for the study of those whose qualification is beyond that to which he possesses any claim. He has made "the gentle art" his most prominent subject because, having deeply enjoyed its delights, he should be only too happy to be the means of leading others to enjoy them also. The peculiarity of style in which a few of those delights have been attempted, in a rustic guise, to be portrayed, might possibly, it was thought, receive an attention to which the abstract merits of the work, as a composition, could not justify a hope. Added to this was a sincere feeling of sympathy for the patient, kind-hearted, industrious, and simple-minded people by whom the dialect is spoken,—those who are too often set down as ungrateful, immoral, and unimprovable, because forsooth, their real character is little known, or else because they have been criminally neglected and despised.

CREWKERNE,
July 15, 1853.



RUSTIC SKETCHES, &c.

SPRING.

"Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth;
The universal green and the clear sky
Delight still more and more the gazing eye."

Bloomfield.

Here's Spring agen! O happy time,

Young an' zmling, blith an' gay,—

Days da lingthen,

Sunsheene stringthen—*

Natur's cloth'd wi' verdur prime,

An' pleasant breezes lightly play.

Th' bonds ev wenter rude be broke,

An' vrost an' snow be banish'd quite;

Agen es zeen

Th' lears all green—

Ver ice-bound vegetation's woke

By th' zun's revivin' yeat and light.

* "As the days get longer
So the cold gets stonger."—*Old Proverb.*

Wi' dāisies fiel's be dotted o'er,
 An' in 'em healthy stock da bide,—
 Sheep da browse
 Wi' cāāves an' kows,—
 Milk an' budd'r's urch in store,
 An' fat beef's in their wull-blow'd hide.

There's bu'sting buds 'pon ev'ry sprej,
 An' purmroses in ev'ry hedge—
 Vilips white
 An' gole-cups bright—
 Decking natur' smart an' gay,
 Ev comin' zummer faithful pledge.

Hail, lovely *marnin'* o' th' year—
 Vorehurner ev a brighten'd *noon*!
 Rising glad
 Vrem wenter sad.
 Th' birds vrem vorrin' lan's appear
 Ta stap an' breed in zummer zoon.

Th' gookoo zings in ev'ry grove,
 Th' active zwaller darts about;
 An' bedder still,
 Think how you will,
 Th' says'n's come ver what we love—
 Th' charmin' geam ev ketchin' trout.

Then, brother anglers, mind your eye,—
 In order haa yer traps ta vishey—
 Rod an' reyle,
 An' line an' creyle,—
 An' start away yer luck ta try:
 Good spoort, wi' all my heart, I wish ee.

Spring is the chief season for the fly-fisher's operations—the period for the realization of all his hopes and anticipations—the bright spot—the sunshine of his existence.

THE INVOCATION.

Come, rummidge up yer tackle, buoys—
 Yer rods, an' lines, an' reels—
 Ver once agen th' seys'n's come
 Ta ram'le in the fiel's.

Ole blust'ring wenter's past away,—
 Ets ice, an' vrost, an snow—
 An' zmlin' Spring her mantle gay
 O'er natur's face da drow.

On, on she comes wi' stealthy paze,
 Now ling'ring now advancin',
 As mǎidens try ther loviars fǎith—
 Coquetin' an' entrancin'.

Th' air wi' new-born insects teems,
 An' ev'ry copse an' grove
 Vrem veather'd drots a chorius pours
 Ev warbled notes ev love.

In mēads an' banks th' vlow'rs da spring,
 An' buds an' leaves da sprout ;
 An' spoorting in th' crystal stream
 's th' sparkid-zided trout.

Then o'er ez hāānt, wi' gentle zweep,
 Unvold yer treach'rous vlies,
 An' wi' yer cunnin,' practic'd hand
 Allure an' gāāin th' prize.

O be not we, like foolish vish,
 Wi' glitt'ring things deceyv'd?
 We snatch th' boit an' veel th' sting
 Too late to be releyv'd.



PRAISE OF ANGLING.

"Without the most remote intention of upbraiding any with a fastidiousness or deficiency of taste—without wishing to make any body discontented with preconceived and long settled notions of the external, visible, and practical delights of this busy and various earth, or without affecting any undue advantage of choice on our part,—we do not hesitate to say that trout-fishing with the fly is the perfection of sublunary pleasure to those who are, in the full sense, brothers of the angle!"—*Atlas Newspaper*.

Let others zing ev *noble* deeds—
 Ev battles fēace an' gory—
 Ev chappin' off poor so'gers' heyds
 An' callin' o'et *glory*.

Let others zing th'er stylish zongs
 Ev palaces an' halls—
 Ev theatres an' all belongs
 Ta consarts an' ta balls.

Er let em zing about th' houn's,
 An' prāise th' hoss er mare
 That cars 'em slap-dash 'thurt th' groun's
 Ta hunt th' fox an' hare.

Aye! let 'em zing about th' gun,
 An' glories ev September,

An' tull about the'r shuttin' fun,
 An' sprees that they remimber.

An' I shall write, an' zing, an' tull
 Th' plizures o' th' angle ;
 An' do et all ta pleyze myzull,
 An' not wi' others wrangle.

Zo they mid dance, er shut, er fight,
 Er hunt dru wet an' dry ;
 If they be pleyzed—why that's all right,
 Ver fa'th an' zo be I.*

* "Fa'th an' zo be I"—The rustic mode of expressing the old courtly phrase "by my faith," "Ias, fa'th," so often used in most of the rustic dialects, is another form of the same expression.



A RUSTIC ANGLER'S QUALIFICATIONS.

"Ridiculous to imagine that the highly varnished rod, the silken line, and the fantastically dressed fly are the great causes of success. Pshaw! Is *skill* to be put out of consideration? How many are there in humble sphere, who, when other means fail, contrive to gain an honest livelihood with their rude rods and clumsy tackle—filling their baskets with perfect ease, while your gentleman fly-fisher, with all his *science*, and neatness, and 'properly selected' flies, can seldom manage to move a fin."—*MS.*

My rod ez but a hazel stick—

I got a coosish line—

My hooks be small, but temper'd wull,

My gut ez roun' an' fine.

An' as ver vlies, I don't kear much

Ver moore 'n a sart er two ;

Let's hev th' parmer ribb'd wi' gold,

Th' yaller dun, an blue,

An' I'll ketch vish. When work ez skess

'T 'ill help me on a bit ;

'Tis henist fun, but zum da zay

I proach th' trout I git.

'Tis no zitch thing! Th' truth es this,—

I knows where vish da lie,

Can hook 'em firm, an 'play 'em sããf,

An' lightly drow my vly.

Zumtimes I mit th' fine-rod voke
 That tries ta git a dish ;
 But Lor' a māācy 'pon my soul,
 They nivver ketch a vish !

I'll tull 'ee, now, what they da do,
 Ver I da know 'tis done,—
 They use th' zilver hook* ver boit,
 While we gits all th' fun.

They buys th' vish that I da ketch
 At vippence ver a poun',
 But when I gooze out by th' day†
 They gees me half-a-crown.

We really believe that the angler by trade is often a much calumniated wight. Experience has convinced us that in many cases he is, in every sense, AN ANGLER—possessing all the necessary qualifications for the highest rank in the craft-hood, and therefore entitled to commensurate respect. On the other hand, some of the class undoubtedly deserve to be repudiated, on account of their unfair, unsportsmanlike, and poaching habits. In palliation, to be sure, a great deal may, in some cases, be said of the claims of a dependent family, and we are not amongst those who would lightly estimate such claims upon the affections of a loved and loving parent—even if his heart should beat beneath a fustian coat.

* *Th' zilver hook*—i. e. Money.

† When hired for the day.

THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING.

"No life, my honest scholar,—no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler. For while the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and at night retire to some friendly cottage, where the landlady is good and the daughter innocent and beautiful—where the room is cleanly, the sheets smelling of lavender, and twenty ballads are stuck against the wall ! There we can enjoy the company of a talkative brother angler, have our trouts dressed for supper, tell tales, sing songs, and pass away a little time without offence to God or injury to man."—*Izaak Walton*.

A happy life ez pass'd by we
 Who in th' fiel's da like to be,
 An' by th' stream ta strake about
 Wi' rod an' line, a-ketchin' trout.
 We don't want carpet-rooms ner halls,
 Ner music-consarts, dancing balls,
 Ner nit no coaches pāinted fine,
 Wi' liv'ry sarvan's up behine.

While we can treyde th' grass, an vish,
 An' hev th' luck ta ketch a dish,
 An' hear th' birds ta zing za gay,
 An' zee th' gurt fat bullicks play
 (Then think what famious beef they'd make,
 An' how we'd eyte a gurd'l'd steak);

In eyv'nin' zit our furn's among,
 An' tull our tale an zing our zong,
 An' blow a cloud an' drink a pot—
 We'll invy no man what 'e 've got.

AN ADVENTURE.

"Should a bull attack you, take to your heels."—*Stoddart.*

We vishin' chaps, besides th' fun
 We haas among the trout,
 Da git some precious larks an' rigs
 When we be out about.
 Zumtimes we laughs at other voke—
 An' that we likes th' bes' ;
 But they da mind an' laugh at we,
 When we be in th' mess.

Now, I wiz vishin', 't'other day,
 Among a lot o' kows,
 That caper'd, vrisk'd, an' scouc'd about,
 An' made all sarts o' rows.
 I bant a vurry courage chap
 'Mong bulls an' all that there,*
 An' zo I putt my ligs ta groun'
 Za hard as I ked tare.

* "That there" and "this here" are similar forms of expres-

An' there wiz sitch a sight o' voke
 A-walkin' on th' road—
 Meyn an' wimmin, buoys an girls—
 An' one er two I know'd. °
 Now when th' kows zeed I start off,
 They vollar'd me, in coose,
 An' kick'd, an hurn'd, an' drow'd the'r tääils,
 An' blarid like th' deuce.

Then all th' people laugh'd an' gurn'd,
 But I kip'd on th' same,
 'Till I reych'd ta 'tother zide th' fiel',
 An' jump'd out in th' lane.
 Then all th' kows hurn'd back agen—
 Th' voke call'd I a fool;
 But I laugh'd it off, an' made 'em b'lieve
 ' That one o'm was a bool.

sion to the French *celui-ci, celui-là*. The rustic says: "Theck
 man *there* 's my brother and thease one *here* 's my father," &c.

TH' MAN THAT WENT A-VISHIN';
OR, THE MISHAPS OF A PRETENDER.

"Young 'gentlemen' may congratulate themselves, even in the absence of sport, of having exhibited attitudes which a dancing-master might envy."—*Sporting Magazine*.

"We know of one brother of the rod, residing in Edinburgh, who happened to strike his large salmon-fly into the flank of an ox grazing behind him. The animal, of course, took to his heels, dragging after it the astonished angler, who, in order to save his pirn-line, which was soon run out, forthwith exerted himself to keep pace with the rapid brute, although compelled at last to submit to the necessity of losing his tackle."

Stoddart's Scottish Angler.

'Twas on a fine an' breezy day,
A likely one ver vish ta play,
I took'd my rod an' tramp'd away
Ta hev a turn at vishing.
Wull, zoon a chap I near did spy,
Wi' varnish'd rod an' gaudly vly;
A cockney youth, by gar, think's I,
At what he calls a-vishin!

Now this yer chap all smart was dress'd,
Wi sheenin' shoes an' clothes th' best;
He know'd za much I rightly guess'd
He'd nivver avore bin vishin'!

What capers ee did cut ! Ez arm
 Zwāy'd roun' lik' drasher's in a barn ;
 Ee'd rucky down th' vish ta charm
 By what ee thought wiz vishin'.

Th' cockney was afeerd ez shoes
 E'd dirted be, zo tap've ez toos
 Ee'd pick ez way ; O what a gooze
 Ta think ev gwine a vishin' !
 An' zo, bum by, a lot o' kows,
 Attracted by ez scrapes an' bows,
 Come closely up ta stare an' browse
 Behine th' man a-vishin' !

An' zwayin' roun' ez rod, ta last,
 His hook in one o'm sticked quite vast ;
 The kow cried " Boo," an' stood aghast
 Th' man that went a-vishin' !
 An' then th' kow turn'd roun' an' look'd
 As thof ee'd zay " By gar, I'm hook'd "
 An' zumthin' like th' words " I'm book'd "
 Escap'd th' man a vishin' !

Off zot th' kow a spankin' space,
 An' all th' rest zoon jin'd th' race,
 An' wi' 'em (what a shockin' case)
 Th' man that went a vishin' !

Dru mud a dirt, an' zoak's an' zogs,
 They leyde th' way (th' vriskey dogs !)
 A giein' zum delightful stogs
 To th' man that went a vishin'.

Th' chap look'd roun' most piteous-*ly*,
 An' beg'd ta help 'en out I'd try ;
 " O no ! Da sar quite right," zes I,
 " Th' man that went a-vishin'."
 Zoon in th' mud ee left ez shoes,
 Ez hat vall'd off, but on 'e goes ;
 Ee could'n' stap, zir, if ee'd choose—
 Th' man that went a-vishin'.

Then dru a mud pon' splash they boll'd,
 He pull'd ;—th' hook let goo ez hold,
 On backword in th' midst was roll'd
 Th' man that went a-vishin'.
 Zo now a warnin' larn all ye
 That talk an' ac' presumptuously,—
 Purtendin' *all* ta know, but be,
 Lik' th' man that went a-vishin'.

ZUMMER.

“Then Summer came, a matron fair.
Showering June's roses on the air,
With field-flowers waving everywhere,
In meadows bright ;
With blissful sounds, with visions rare,
A large delight.”—*Richard Howitt.*

Here's zummer, hot an' dry,
Wi' scarchin' day an' zwilt'rin night,
Th' zun, lik' vire sheenin' bright,
In a blue an' blazin' sky,
Th' thu'sty groun's* da parch an' bake,
An' cracks an' crannies deep da make.

An' all aroun' we zees,
'Pon hill an' dale, th' lan'skip scene
A-color'd urch in deepist green—
Heydges, groun's,* an' trees—
All, but a vew shart mont's ago,
Was bleak an' bare beneath th' snow.

* The word “ground” is often used synonymously with *field*.

Th' vlowers, all bright an' gay,
 Wi' zwit pervume da sceynt th' air,
 An' th' wopse an buddervly da share
 The'r zwitness dru th' day ;
 While eyv'ning's welcome cool da bring
 Th' moth an' bat 'pon vlutt'rin' wing.

Young birds a-veather'd be,
 An', stronger gittin' ev'ry day,
 Zum hops about vrem sprej ta sprej,
 While moore can peck an' vlee ;
 An' wold ones, up 'pon trees za proud,
 Da whistle love-songs long an loud.

Th' farmer 've busy bin ;
 Ez sheep 'ev shor'd, ez grass 'ev cut,
 Ez carn ez gittin' brown's a nut,
 An's apples vast da plin—
 All showin' that though much 'e 've done,
 A sight moore work e' 've got ta come.

Th' pankin' bullicks now
 Lies under shady heydges cool,
 Er else knee-deep stan's in th' pool,
 At eyze the'r quid ta chow ;*

* At ease their *cud* to *chew*.—EXPOSITOR

While vly-teyz'd hosses, hot an' dry
 Wi' workin' hard, trots invious by.

An' what a liddle drap
 's th' river, dribblin' clare an' low !
 There's har'ly room th' vly ta drow ;
 Zo vishin' we mus' stap
 'Till Antumn's vloods da cleynze th' stream
 O' weeds that chucks* en, ronk and green.

ZUMMER MARNIN'.

"The lengthened night elaps'd, th' morning shines
 Serene in all her dewy beauty bright."—THOMSON.

Th' stars da fade, th' moon ev zot,
 Th' air ez rāā an' chill ;
 An' a strake o'light—a glimmer fāint—
 Ez zeed 'pon th' eystern hill.
 'Tis th' dāānin' o' day—an' th' gradual light
 Ez a-tekkin' th' place o' th' vast-vleein' night.

Tho' aērly 'tis, dru grass all wet
 Th' angler on da plod,

* Chokes.

Wi' worms all tough, an' shotted line,
 An' girt long angling-rod.*
 Ez hook now 'e 've boited, an' at et he goos,
 'Cause this is the time ver th' blackhead ta use.

An' ev'ry minnit th' light da bring
 Et plainer about ta zee;
 Th' cocks da crow, an' th' larks da zing
 While skyward they da vlee;
 Ta welcome wi' music th' uprisin' zun,
 An' ta tull us below that th' day's a-begun.

Behine th' brow th' zun da peep,
 Vast gittin' higher—higher;
 'Till zoon, vull up—a circle roun',—
 's th' worl's sustāinin' vire.
 An' earth da sim glad that es bright cheerful face,
 Once moore 've a-com'd back vrem ez night-biding place.

Wi' shoulder'd shule an' peckiss, rathe
 Ta work th' lab'rers starts,
 A smokin' pipes as on they tridge
 Wi' free and gaysome hearts.

* The vulgar notion is, that the term "Angling" can be applied only to bait-fishing—it being highly improper if used in connection with either fly-fishing or trolling. We need scarcely add that there is no authority for this fine-drawn distinction.

Ver nort but a happy conteyntment ez theirs,
 Unbeknow'd by th' *gurt*, 'mong the'r urches an' cares.

Th' dairy-voke be up'n about,
 An' busy all as bees ;
 Zum's 'way 'n th' groun' an' zum's at huome
 Te mek th' budd'r an' cheese,
 While out in th' barton th' bullicks da stan'
 Ta wâit ver th' mâids wi' the'r stool an' the'r can.

All natur' now's awak'd compleyte—
 Th' zun ev mounted high,
 An' hot an' bright ez beams da vall
 Straight vrem a cloudless sky.
 Zo 't's all up wi' 'wormin', an huomword da trot
 Th' angler, wull pleyz'd wi' th' spoort 'e've a-got.

Worm-fishing is followed with greatest success in summer, during the mowing-grass season, from day break till the sun has risen so high as to fall full upon the water ; and the air cannot be too calm. What a temptation it presents to the angler to snatch himself from the arms of Morpheus, and to substitute for the enervating influences of too much sleep, the healthful inspiration of the morning freshness and of the indescribable beauties of awakening nature which then on every side present themselves to his admiration ! The bait most generally used is the *black head*, or meadow worm. See the "Book of the Axe," published by Longman & Co.

ZUMMER EVENIN'.

" While from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
 And rising night the evening shade extends,—
 While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
 And closing flowers reviving odours yield,—
 Let us beneath these spreading trees recite
 What from our hearts our muses may indite."

PRIOR.

In a sey ev gold an' curmson clouds,
 Outstratchin' dru th' west,
 Th' zun, lik' a gilded sheenin' ball,
 Ez zinkin' into rest.
 An' ez ruddy light, aslant a-drow'd,
 Da tinge th' fiel's, th' trees, an' road.

An' soun's as chermin' reych th' ear—
 Th' distant bells be ringin',
 Th' sheep da blake, th' bullicks blare,
 An' th' birds be gayly zingin';
 Ver ev'ry copse, an' grove, an' tree
 Ez vill'd wi' the'r whis'lin' minstrelsy.

Th' blackbird 'pon th' thorn-bush zits,
 Th' darsh 'pon th' elem high,
 Th' rabbin, golefingh, cutt, and lark
 Wi' one-er-t'other vie ;
 An' strâin the'r liddle drots wi' zong,
 In a gin'ral chorias loud an' long.

On th' river's bank th' angler stan's,
 An' hears an' looks delightid,
 Injoyin' all th' beauties roun',
 Besides wi' spoort requitid ;
 Ver th' constant inmates ev ez breast
 Ez a thankful heart an' a mind at rest.

Th' bangin' trout be on th' feed,
 An' bes' ver boit ta use
 's a biggish vly, unless ta troll
 Wi' th' mēany you mid choose.
 Kill-divil then, er nat'ral vish,
 If wull be spin'd, 'ill git ee a dish.

Now grad'ly noisy soun's be hush'd—
 There's *twinklers* in th' sky,
 An' in th' eyste th' gurt vull moon
 Ez risin' clare an' high ;
 An' th' grass ez tap'd wi' dew-draps bright
 That sparlies in ez zilver light.

Th' silence now ez only broke
 By th' night-bird's dismal call,—
 Th' hurslin' leaves, an' th' ceysseless roar
 O' th' tum'ling wauder-vall,
 An' th' ripplin' stream gwine on t' th' sey,
 Lik' Time gwine into Eternity.

Nothing can be more delightful then a summer evening's ramble, with fly rod in hand, along the banks of a rippling trout-stream, if the heart be rightly attuned to the mysterious and elevating influences of the "sights and sounds" of which nature is then so prodigal !

TH' TIME VER WALKIN'.

When zummer's zun's a-zinkin' slow,
 An' 'zlant ez zittin' shades da drow ;—
 When into clouds o' curmson light
 Ee hides ez zwelt'rin' beams za bright,
 An' lingthy shades ev western hills
 Th' spread-out valleys slowly vills ;—
 When eyv'nin' breezes, calm an' cool,
 Da ruffle soft th' glassy pool,
 An' on 'en, makkin' tiny rings,
 Th' diplin insecc's lightly springs !
 An' anglers use the'r "arm ev skill,"
 Th'er empty bastics vast ta vill ;

When cows no longer blows an' panks,
 In wauder half way up the'r shanks,
 But cool da stan' an' drow th'er tails,
 A-villin 'vast th' wull scrub'd pails ;—
 When birds da zing, in copse an' grove,
 The'r songs ev zwit parental love—
 Th' blackbird, dursh, an' lark up-vlyin',
 Eych ta drownd th' t'other tryin' ;—
 When bats da creype th'er holes vrem out,
 An' drowsy beedles vlies about ;—
 When children on th' village green
 In noisy groups be playful zeen,
 A-watch'd vrem winder an' vrem door
 By restin' parents, fond tho' poor—
 Th' father wi' ez ev'nin' *weed*,
 Th' mother 'n sisters roun' en zeed,
 An' brother snug an' cozy placed,
 Th' arm o'n roun' ez zwitart's waist ;—
 When Bob, th' blacksmith, 've wash'd ez face,
 An' doughted out ez vire-place,
 An' he an' all th' workmen tally
 Plays skittles in th' *Dolphin* alley ;—
 When bells da ring the'r evenin' peal—
 Bells oft a-ring'd ver woe an' weal,
 Ver widdin's gay an' fun'ral drear
 Ev old an' young, all lov'd ones dear ;—

When all yer daily work's a-done,
 An evenin's lizher time's a-come,—
 Then git yer lass ta tek yer arm,
 An' walk her, lovin', roun' th' farm.

A NIGHT EXCURSION.

"My lord sent to me, at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of trouts against the next morning by six of the clock. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided for at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and fell to angle. * * * * I had good sport and made up the dish of Fish."—BARKER'S DELIGHT, first published in 1651.

One zummer's night, zum furns an' I
 Made up our minds ta zee
 Wh'er twadd'n' pausable ta hāā
 A midnight vishin' spree.
 'Twas light as day, wi stars an' moon
 All sheenin' clare an' high,
 An' 'twas agreed that we shud use
 Ver boit,—a darn gurt vly.

But fust, ta mek us caumfa'ble,
 We bote a lot o' *stuff*
 Ta haa a pick-nit* under heydge,
 When we'd got vish enough ;—

* *Pic-nic.*

Zum shevvins an' a tender-box,
 A dish an' vryin' pan,
 Zum iggs an' bacon, vinnid cheese,
 An' strong beer in a can.

Wull, off we started, all a-gog,
 An' vish'd our vull desire,
 An' then begun ta zit ta work
 A-mekkin' in a vire.
 That *zoon* was done, an' *zoon* th' pan,
 Wi' iggs an' rashers fat,
 Did hiss an' tiss, while waud'rin' mouths
 Impatient roun' en zat.

An' when 't was done (a-māācy wull!)
 An' fair betwixt us shar'd,
 Wi' clapse-knives sharp an' bread ver plates,
 Th' dicks was quickly clar'd.
 An' then th' backey an' th' beer
 Was nex' th' time o' day,
 An' laughs an' jokes, an' zongs an' tales,
 Did pass th' time away.

But vew zitch happy hours as that
 Hev zince bin mine, by gar!
 Ver tho' 'twas night, an' out o' door,*
 An' seytid 'pon a bar,

* "Out o' door" is always used to imply *the open air*.

Itt bedder 'twas than in gay halls,
 Wi heartliss cockscoms dres't,
 An' vlirtin' girls, ver fren'ship pure
 Wiz ours, an' joy th' best.

Then āāderwards we vish'd agen,
 An' putt on smalder vlies,
 As daylight broke; an' much we ketch'd,
 Ver wull th' vish did rise.
 'Bout zix o'clock we shut et up,*
 Wull pleyz'd was all th' party,
 An' toddl'd huome, an' chāng'd our clothes,
 An' eyte a brektus† hearty.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Let they who like in *Cities* bide,
 An' practice city usements—
 Sneer at simple country life,
 An' country voke's amusements;

* Stopped fishing.

† Breakfast.

Let they in smoky, disty streytes,
 'Mong pavier, bricks, an' marter,
 Waste th'er days an' break the'r nights,
 An' mek ther lives th' sharter.

An' we will in th' *Country* stay,
 Injoyin' country plizhures,
 Rovin' weeld, as Natur's cheeld,
 An' valuin' her trizhures;
 Clim'in' up th' steep hill-zide
 Wi' dog an' double gun,
 Er rovin' by th' river wide
 Injoyin' vishin' fun.

O these be *manly* sports, and these
 Brings no hereããder zorra ;
 Can yer city chap zay he's
 Leyves nothin' ver *ta-marra* ?
 A Country life 's th' one ver I,—
 Betwixt 'm 's no compare ;
Man made th' town ; th' country shows
 God's vinger every where.*

* "God made the country, man the town." See Shipley and Fitzgibbon's *Treatise on Fly Fishing*, p. 13.

AN INVOLUNTARY IMMERSION.

"When out of the water, trout appear to feel a great deal of pain, and as that is an unnecessary continuation of suffering, anglers generally despatch them the instant that they are off the hook. Eager fishers, when they have a prospect of success, sometimes neglect this, and we once witnessed rather a ludicrous retribution. A gentleman, who is now a professor at one of the Universities, had one day succeeded in landing a large trout, which he put into his basket alive, and, as the time was favorable, he began to fish with double ardour. But his hook got entangled in the bank, which was rather steep, covered with long grass and bushes, and contained the holes of water-rats, shrews, and, as was understood, otters. As he lay along the bank, and stretched down to disentangle the hook, the trout in the basket on his back gave a flutter, and the belt of the basket came in contact with his neck. The idea that *Lutra* had him by the throat, in vengeance for the inroad both upon his mansion and preserve, darted across the angler's mind. To escape from the foe he tried to start up, but the position had given his heels the buoyancy, and he pitched summerset-wise into the water."—*Mudie's British Naturalist*.

Among th' games that we da git,
 There's one I ha'nt a-twold o' itt,
 An' theck 'ell mak e shiver;
 At leyst, I'll warn'y 't 'ood if you
 Wiz on'y jist ta do et too,—
 An' that's vall in th' river.

I vurry of 'n burn across
 Vrem kows, when I da think they'll toss,
 An' zo da other voke ;
 But zumthin' I've a-got ta zay,
 That happen'd to me t'other day,
 An' 'twas a famious joke.

I wiz vishin' vrem a highish place
 A deepish hole that zwarm'd wi' dace,
 An' th' bank was perp'ndic'lar,
 An' in my bastic I'd a got
 Ev darn gurt vish a purty lot,
 An' heavy in partic'lar.

My line got hitch'd below, ta las',
 Zo I lied along upon th' grass,
 My bastic restin' 'pon my back ;
 An' in cranin' down ta zit en free,
 My bastic ee zwing'd roun', ya zee,
 An' jerk'd me auver, neck an' crap.

An' there was I a-blowin', puffin',
 Holl'rin', hoopin', spattin', snuffin',
 An' pad'lin' roun' about ;
 But sev'rel chaps that zeed me vlounder,
 Aāder they'd laugh'd the'r faces rounder,
 Come down an' help'd me out.

An' what a sparticle was I !
Not a single dred upon me dry,
 Vrem my gurt tooe ta my hey'd ;
But whum I tackl'd lik' a shot,
An' drink'd a glass o' zumthin' hot,
 An' tum'l'd into beyd.



AUTUMN.

" Again the year's decline 'midst storms and floods,
The thund'ring chase, the yellow-fading woods,
Invite my song."—BLOOMFIELD.

Th' *marnin'* com'd, th' *marnin'* went,
Th' *noon*, all bright, was quickly spent,
An' now th' *eyv'nin'* o' th' year
In fadin' dress agen da 'pear.
Th' barley, wuts, an' carn's all reap'd,
An' most o't 's hāāl'd ta mow,
While busy in th' valler groun'
's th' harrer an' th' plough;
An' taties now they up da tek,
An' wi' th' cooch gurt bunfires mek.

Th' buds *did* sprout, an' green unvoid,
But now, th' leaves a-tinged wi' gold,
In ev'ry breeze ez blow'd away;
An' we, like they, shall zoon decay.
Gurt plums an' pears, all ripe an' good,
Be thick agen th' wall,
An' blackberries 'pon brim'les hangs,
An' nitts da slip brown shawl,*

* Are brown, and slip from their shells.

While spring'd up siddent dru th' night,
In sheep-eyte fiel's, ez mushrums white.

All han's in archit busy be,
A-polling apples off th' tree,
An' in th' wringhouze,* hard ta work,
Th' mill da grind, th' press da quirk ;
An' fat an jolly, pleyz'd an proud,
Th' farmer, zmilin' kine,
Da laff an' joke an' help ez meyn
Ta mek th' "Deb'nshir wine"—†
A-thinkin' when, wi' pipe an' jug,
He'll zit 'n ez chim'ly carner snug.

Th' zun *was* hot, but now begins
Th' chilly air that AUTUMN brings ;
The days da sharten as they vlies,
An' vogs da thick in eyv'nings rise.
Zo zummer-loving zwallers now,
In vlocks ta vlee away,
Da mit together zoon ta start
Ver lan's athurt th' sey
May we, when life's dark starms da come,
Zo vind a new an' brighter home !

* The place in which cider is made.

† Cider.

Th' sportsman now es all agog,
 An' up betimes ee off da jog,
 Wi' pwointer an' two-barryell'd gun,
 An' 'mong th' geām gits famious fun.
 Th' houn's goos out an' hun'smeyn smart

 The'r curd'ly harns da blow,
 While chasing sharp th' hare an' fox
 An' roarin' "tally ho!"

But dash that break-neck work, zes I,
 Let's hev th' vishin'-rod an' vly!

An' bother'd to a stake,* my boys,
 There's nothin' else got half sitch joys;
 An' Autumn's seys'n spoort da bring
 A-maust za good as 'tis in Spring.
 Th' vloods da car vur up th' stream

 Gurt peyle an' sammon too,
 An' zum ta hook, an' p'raps ta land,
 'Tis pausable ta do.

But zoon we'll stap a-ketchin' trout,
 Ver they ta spāān now zits about.

"The Autumn-fishing vies with that of Spring, and in rivers which are frequented by salmon and salmon-peal, it is, in some respects, even superior to it. The trout are fat and vigorous after their summer feeding, and in favourable weather they are, throughout the day, generally eager in pursuit of food."—*Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout, Published by Longman & Co.*

* An expression corrupted, probably, from that of "burned to a stake" of the by-gone days of sectarian persecution.

A COCKNEY'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY;
OR, PRESUMPTION PUNISHED.

A "MORAL" TALE.

'Bout zix er zebb'n year agoo
A Lunnen chap com'd down,
Away vrem smoke an' dist, ta tek
Zum lodgins in our town.

Zum zed ee was a wold Lard's son,
An' talk'd how urch ee *ood* be,
While other's sim'd ta zay ee was
No bedder than ee shood be.

But duke er ditchess, good er bad,
Ta *others* 'twas no matter,
Tho' magpie fools can't nivver help
'Bout other voke ta chatter.

Ev coose ee dress'd most mortal smart,
An' had on jewyels bright,
An' smok'd cigars as dru th' streytes
Ee'd zwagger bolt upright.

An' darn gurt whiskers, too, ee had,
 An' roun' es lips mustachins,
 An' hair lik' poun's o' can'les show'd
 Ee stiddid wull th' fashins.

An' theyze yer chap (a clivver dog!)
 Know'd everythin', ev coose,—
 Ked dance, an' drāā, an' reyde, an' write,
 An' summy like th' deuce.

An' as ta spoorting—bless yer soul!—
 Ee know'd a 'mazin' lot—
 Ked ride, an' hunt, an' vish, an' shut,*
 An' a 'stiffiket † ee'd got.

An' zo zumtimes, in vrost an' snow,
 All tiddivated up,
 Ee'd zwagger off wi' gun an' dog,—
 A mongrel, half-starv'd pup.

An' p'raps ee'd shut zum sparras, er
 Zum rabbins, er zum stares;
 An' zware ee'd kill'd a sight o' cocks, ‡
 Er pā'driges, er hares.

* Shoot.

† Certificate.

‡ Woodcocks.

But most voke didn' eyvn think,
That *they* ee'd shut, ez-zull,
Zo siv'rel chaps agreed ta watch
An' zee wur * lies ee'd tull.

One day, as ushal, out ee went,
An' two 'r drie furns an' I
Did āā'der'n strake, an' hidy close,
Th' doings o'n ta spy.

We zeed en load. Th' gun vull cock'd
Ee fu'st ram'd down th' shot,
An' then th' powder tap o' that :
Th' waddin' ee'd vergot.

Ee *did* putt on a cap, an' then
Let down th' cock all saff,
An' on ee walk'd—th' gun held out
Arm's length, a yard an' half.

Lor', how afeer'd th' feller look'd !
An' wuss, jist āāder, var,
Ver drie yards off a cuddy-wran
Was pitch'd 'pon tap 've a bar.

* Whether.

Up goos th' gun, an' snap th' cock :—
 But there th' feller bide ;
 Zo auver hedge I gid a spring,*
 An' walk'd up to ez zide.

“Dear me,” zes ee, “there *was* a shot,
 D'ee zee theck 'oodcock vall ?”
 “Why no,” zes I, “ner you, I count—
 You did n' fire at all.

A pirty spoortsman, you, to load
 'n th' way that you've a-done ;
 I'll zit ee straight if you,” zes I,
 “Ell let me hev yer gun.”

“Ev coose,” zes ee, “*you* pleyze ta shut,
 I don't veel vurry well,”
 “O no,” zes I, “I'll cure ee, sir,
 Ver you shall shut yertzull.”

I took'd th' gun an' drāād th' charge,
 An' loaded 'en all right ;
 A double charge I smuggled in,
 An' ram'd it down all tight.

* “Gid a Spring.”—Sprang over.

I hand* en back, an' th' chap did try,
 Wi' miny an excuse,
 Ta shuffle off away vrem I,
 But vound 'twas all no use.

A chim-chāā story up ee twold
 'Bout dānger that appear'd ;
 Till at et loud I laugh'd, an' zed
 That kowards was afeerd.

Then in a rage th' feller got,
 An' ax'd me what I meynd ;
 An zed that all ez sim'ly fear
 Had only bin purteynd.

"Ev coose not, sir," zes I, "zo now,
 Ta sāāve ee vurder trouble,
 Look dru th' hedge, you'll zee zum birds
 A-veedin' in th' stubble."

Ee zward ee zeed 'em (māācy wull,
 'Twas nothin' but a clat !)
 He cock'd ez gun, an' kneelid down,
 An' off ee drow'd ez hat.

* Reached.

An' then ee level'd dru th' hedge,
 An' sim'd in sitch a vlurry !
 An' close I watch'd, ver I know'd ee
 Ta shut off 'oodn hurry.

I zeed that bwoth ez eyes was vast,
 An' th' gun did pwoint askew,
 But he purteynd 'was alwiz long
 A-stiddin' what to do.

" If dissn' fire " zes I, " they'll rise."
 " I will 'n a minute," zes ee,
 " Mek haste," zes I. " Wull there, then"—bang !
 An' backward lied was ee.

A roaring yelp com'd auver hedge,
 An' then a dismal groan,
 Zo in I look'd an' there th' *dog*
 Was stratch'd out dead 's a stone.

Th' chap ee "murder " loud did ball,
 (But vast ez eyes did stay :)
 " 's th' smoke a-gone," ee groanid out,
 " Pleyse tek th' gun away."

" Iss, iss," zes I, " cheer up, my lad."
 " I dies," ee zes, " O dear !
 My heyde hurn's roun', my shoulder's off ;"
 (" O no," zes I, " ee's here.")

"An' all th' birds be het ta rags,"
 Zes ee, "I yird 'em cry,—
 But let em' bide—come home." "Why, sir,
 You've kill'd yer dog," zes I.

An' out I drow'd 'n to his veet.
 Lor' how th' feller stared!
 An' that ee'd nivver shut no moore,
 A solemn woath he zwared.

Ee bag'd me that I 'ood n' tull
 'Bout nothin' that I'd zeed,
 An' as I'd had a famious lark
 Ev coose I zoon agreed.

Jist then th' furns I'd left behine,
 Who know'd all what took place,
 Com'd up an' mortified th' chap
 By laughing in ez face.

Nex' day 'twas spread all auver town,
 An' vokes enjoyed th' fun,
 But close in doors th' feller kip'd,
 An' zoon got rid 've ez gun.

Th' days vlied on—th' wicks—th' months,
 An' wenter pass'd away,
 An' cheerful spring agen com' roun',
 An' trouts begun ta play,

An' rods an' tackle out was brought,
 An voke begun ta vish,
 An' Mister Cockney—our wold furnd—
 Ta jine in et did wish.

Zo rod, an' line, an' vlies ee bote,
 An' out ee zwagger'd bold,
 An' sitch th' capers ee did cut
 'Twas glorious ta behold.

Ee'd clinch th' rod, an', win'mill-like,
 Th' arms o'n round ee'd drow,
 An' cock ez lig, an' beynd ez back,
 An' ruckey down quite low.

Zo gammikin 'pon gurt high banks
 Ee'd often auver-tap,
 An' in a deep an' vrothy pool
 E'd tum'le neck an' crap ;

An' scram'le out as best ee cood ;
 An' in ez wull-zoak'd dress
 Ee'd zwagger home, th' buoys all roun'
 A-laughing at th' mess.

Ee'd freykent break ez rod, an' 's line
 Ed ev'ry minute hetch,
 Bnt nivver once a single vish
 Did theck there feller catch.

But was zo laugh'd at that he zoon
 Did tackle back ta Lunnun,
 An' much oblig'd ee auft t've bin
 Ver th' good that we'd a-done 'n.

We'd teych'd en what a ign'rant thing
 's conceyte an' foolish pride,
 T'appear 'mong strangers auver-wise
 When wi 'em ee did bide.

Purteynding everythin' ta know,
 Wi'out a bit o' larnin',
 Ez sure 'n th' eynd sar'd out ta be,—
 Zo, reyder, *you* tek wārning.

The Hero of this story is of course a purely fictitious personage, an *individual* burlesque being by no means meant. There is a *class* in the "sporting world," however, of which "Mister Cockney" will perhaps be recognized as a specimen.

ANGLING COMPARED WITH HUNTING AND SHOOTING.

“The Angler, at leest, hath his holsom walke mery at his ease, and a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meade floures that makyth him hungry. Hee heareth the melodyous armony of fowles—hee seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cootes, and many other fowles, wyth their broodes, whych to me seemeth better than all the noyse of houndys, the blaste of hornes, and the scrye of fowles, that hunters, hawkeners, and fowlers can make. And if the Angler take fyshe, surely thenne is there no man merrier than hee is in his spirytes.” BEEK OF ST. ALBANS.

Let other people pleyze therzulls,
 An' do as they da wish,—
 Hunt, er shut, er ride, er coose,—
 But I ed zoonder vish.
 Ver in th' marnin' I da up
 Za rathe as break o' day,
 An' wi' my vishing rod an' traps,
 Off I da sâil away.

An' fust-along I tries th' worm,
 'Till teyn o'clock, or past,
 An' then I staps that sart o' fun,
 When vlies da come on vast.
 But 'vore I putts my collar on
 I gits 'pon tap 've a bar,
 An' teks a snack o' bread an' cheese
 That I da mind an' car.

Then p'r'aps I hears a gun goo off,
 That meks me stare about ;
 Er else me-ap I zeesh th' houn's,
 Ver they be often out.
 An' then I fancies which ez best
 O' they dree sarts o' fun,—
 Th' rod-an'-line, th' hoss an' houn's,
 Er else th' dog an' gun.

O, let's hev vishin'—that's th' spoort
 Ta plizure an' ta charm ;
 A gun mid *do*, but you must risk
 Th' shuttin' off yer arm.
 But as ver hosses an' ver houn's,
 I zes—o'd darn et all ;—
 Ver deuce a hoss I ever mounts
 But off be sure ta vall.

A statement which the following "Sketch" will sufficiently illustrate.

The "Boke of St. Albans," which has furnished the motto to the foregoing verses, is remarkable as containing the first treatise on angling that was ever printed ; and what adds to its singularity is the circumstance of its being the production of a lady—Dame Juliana Berners, by name. This lady was prioress of the nunnery of St. Sopwell, in Hertfordshire, and one of the most learned and accomplished women of her time. The "Boke of St. Albans" was "emprinted" at Westminster, in 1496, by the famous Wynkin de Worde, the assistant and friend of Caxton. It contained treatises on "Hawkyng and Huntynge," in verse, a treatise on the method of "Blazyng of Armes," and the "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle" before referred to.

EQUESTRIANSHIP.

“ His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more ;
 So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong,” &c. &c.

COWPER'S “ *John Gilpin*.”

I stap'd ta zee th' houn's, one day,
 That come'd a-huntin' on theck way,
 An' wi' 'em there was hurd-kwote chaps,*
 Wi' boots an' birches, roun'-crown caps,
 An' gurt long whips that they did smack,
 Stick'd up 'pon hosses grey an' black,
 That snorted, rar'd, an' scouced about—
 An' all th' chaps kip'd holl'ring out,
 An' beyte th' heydge, ta start th' hare,
 If chance that arry one was there.

I walk'd zum time huom by their side,
 'Till one th' chaps ax'd I ta ride.
 I hates a hoss, ver I've bin drow'd
 Vrem all that ever I've a-rode ;
 An' zo I zes, “ sir, I shall vall,
 Ver your's ez nātion seygid tall ;

* *Red coat chaps*,—gentlemen in the costume of the hunt.

Bezides, my vishin' clothes bant fit
 'Pon sitch a hoss as yours ta git."
 (A fine one 'twas, most deucid skittish,
 Wi glossy kwote, in color whittish,—
 A mane an' tãail wull trim'd an' vlowing,
 Wi' ears a-peäked an' nostrils blowing;
 A zwan-arch'd neck, an' chist za broad
 That like a greyhoun' he was graw'd;
 Long slinder ligs an' vetlocks fine;—
 In shart was thurra-bred ver gwine.)

Zes ee, "Pshaw! *do*." Zes I, "I can't."
 Zes ee, "Be bagger'd if you shan't."
 Zes I, "I nivver rode a mile."
 Then all th' ginnelmeyn did zmile,
 An' didn' sim ta kear a fig,
 Za long as they ked hev a rig.
 Lor! how I shek'd! But 'twas no good,—
 Ee zed ee'd walk, an' ride I shood.

I zeed th' hoss stood pirty quiet,
 An' zo, ta last, I zed I'd try et.
 I went ta mount, and gid a stride,
 But all zing'd out—"That's not th' zide!"
 An' then they laugh'd, an' almost bust,
 Ta zee me putt th' wrong lig fust;
 But when I got 'pon tap th' thing
 They zed I zot en like a king.

My heyde hurn'd roun' when down I look'd ;
 Thought I, be darn'd if I bant book'd.
 "How do ee hold th' rayns ?" zes I.
 But then th' dogs did yelp an' cry,
 An' vore I yird what they did zay,
 By gar my hoss was hurn'd away.
 Th' houn's, you zee, had vound a hare,
 An' āāder'n, like th' Turk, did tare.
 I hollar'd "waa! wogg off! stan' still!"
 But on he gallop'd up th' hill.

I zeed th' bridle was no good,
 Zo I grigg'd th' zaddle tight's I cood,
 An' squeez'd my ligs wi' all my might ;
 Zo there was I stick'd bolt upright.
 But lor ! I jerk'd zo up an' down,
 I thaut 'twas best ta hug en roun'
 Th' neck. I did, but shek'd ver veear
 Because a heydge was coming near.

Now t'other chaps was var behind,
 Ver my hoss vloed on like th' wind.
 But I yird 'em laugh za loud at that,
 An' louder when off vall'd my hat !
 My hair blow'd back, an' sure enough
 How I did quirk, an' blow, an' puff !

Th' heydge I zeed was high an' wide,
An' had a mud-pon' t'other zide.
Th' hoss com'd up—ee made a jump,
An' het my heyde agen a stump ;
I hollar'd out, an tighter cling'd,
But 'twas no good—off I was fling'd,
An' pitch'd right in th' muddy zlough,
An' there I vlounder'd like a zow,
An' ramm'l'd out I dun-no* how !

• Don't know.



WINTER.

“ See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.
Be these my theme.” THOMPSON.

Starms an’ tempests, vrost an’ snow,
No’thern winds that keenly blow,
Speyke wenter’s come, all dread an’ drear,
Th’ death an’ burial o’ th’ year.
Vanish’d zong-birds, vanish’d flowers,
Vanish’d zummer’s leaf-geeen bowers,—
Gone,—but dreariness remāins,
Ver natur’s bound in wenter’s chāins !

Leafless trees, an’ heydges bare,
Vrost-bit grass zeed ev’rywhere ;
All *stock* an’ cattle took’d away *
An’ kip’d atwum † ’pon strow an’ hay.
Stares, an’ villvares, ‡ snipes an’ cocks,
An’ vrom th’ no’th gurt weeld-vowl vlocks,
Da vlee about half starv’d an’ tame,
An’ hares an’ rabbits be th’ same.

* Removed from the fields.

† At home.

‡ Starlings and field fares.

Cringcrankum ice th' winders trace,
 An' clinkerbells* hangs ev'ry place ;
 Chaps hurnin' dru th' vallin' snow
 Da beāt the'r han's an' the'r vingers blow.
 Shart dumpsy days an' longful nights ;—
 But moon an' stars, an' no'thern lights
 Da dreyve away th' seys'n's gloom
 An' mek th' night za clear as noon.

Buoys a-zlidin' hāās the'r fun,
 An' spoortsmen the'r's wi' dog an' gun,
 Zo tho' th' wenter dismal be,
 Da pass away quite merrily.
 Ashen fackots cracklin' bright,
 An' kursmas can'les all a-light,
 In doors da cheer us while we meet
 Our neighbour furns in parties zweet.

Fiddles squeeks an' up we stan's,
 Shekkin' ligs an' crossin' han's ;
 While buoys tā pāy the'r farfit doom
 Da kiss th' māidens roun' th' room.
 Mummers, dress'd all smart an' gay,
 Da come ta ac' the'r cursmas play ;
 An' zingin' carols roun' th' door
 In dead o' night 's th' church 's core.†

* Icicles.

† Choir.

Pipes an' backey, tekkin' snuff;
 Dree kird loo an' bline man's buff;—
 Th' wold plays one, th' youngsters t'other,
 All mighty pleyz'd wi' one another.
 Trouts vrem spāwnin' lank an' zick,
 While on the'r bodies zuggs* da stick ;—
 This, wi' th' coold,—a-goodish reys'n,—
 Staps vishin' till a milder seys'n.

In the west of England—particularly in Devonshire—the custom of burning an “Ashen Fagot” on Christmas eve, and the merry-making attendant thereon, have existed from time immemorial. The capacious and comfortable “chimney corner” in the kitchen of all the old farm houses, is admirably adapted for the purpose. The faggot of green ash is bound together with several bramble bands, and on the bursting of each of these bands, an immense jug of cider is emptied by the assembled party. Singing, dancing, and Christmas games are not forgotten, while the tables groan with the weight of good things which the hospitable host provides for his welcome guests. But this good old custom is fast fading away before the advance of the more “genteel” and “fashionable” amusements of an age the superiority of which over the past is more than questionable, notwithstanding the cant which is so everlastingly talked about it. In some retired parts of the country, however, the custom is still kept up with almost its pristine spirit—the “mummers,” also, are still to be found—and the “church’s core,” still ushers in ‘the auspicious morn’ of Christmas day with musical performances in the open air.

* The trout-louse (*lernea trutta*) called the *sugg* by Walton and the older anglers.

CURSMAS.

Wold Gramfather Cursmas once moore's com'd along,
 An' ee's welcome as welcome can be ;
 Zo I'll rub up my wits an' I'll hatch up a zong,
 Ver a famous wold feller ez he.

Tho' he comes in th' vrost, an' in weather za weeld,
 An' tho' clinkerbells roun' 'en da drap,
 Can ee show me th' heart of man, umman, or cheeld,
 That don't *warm* at the jolly wold chap.

Oh ! he brings to our mind th' wold times a-gone pas',
 An' th' fun that we used ta hev then ;
 An' th' most vergot faces ev lad an' ev lass
 Da come fresh in our mim'ries agen.

We da sim we be zot roun' th' hea'th, as we did
 In theck whome we da love za well now,—
 That we dances an' zings—that we romps as we mid
 'Neath th' mischievous mistletoe bough.

An' *one face* ez ther there that beyend all th' rest
 Sims ta hānt us where'er we da goo,
 Ver ev theck was our day-dreymes—th' brightest, the best,
 Tho' they ended like dreymes always do.

Oh! 'tis painful ta think o' th' plizures that's gone—
 O' th' furns that we lov'd an' lov'd we;—
 Tho' we'll nivver complāin, but believe that what's done
 Hev bin arder'd th' best that could be.

Iss! let's rather look vorrad, an' try, as we shood,
 To be wiser an' bedder each day,—
 To be less ver ourzells—to do *others* moore good—
 An' I'm sure if we *will* that we *may*.

Then while Cursmas zo vinds us, an' while he da car
 Lots o' me'th—lots o' love—in ez train, [an' var,
 Where's th' chap—where's th' māid—that on't jine near
 In a welcome again an' again?

Zo let's screw up th' catgut—let's shuffle th' pack—
 Ev'ry kear drow azide ver a while;
 Like we used ta do once, let each Jwoan hāā her Jack,
 An' we'll kip up wold Cursmas in style.

TH' WOLD STWONIN' BURGE.*

"But this charming valley, I regret to say, has lost one of its best ornaments. That magnificent old ivy-clad bridge, which for picturesqueness and strength was unrivalled in the locality, has been demolished, and the flimsy thing before us occupies its site."

"THE AXE"—a *MS. Sketch*.

Up high an' grand athurt th' stream,
 Th' fine wold stwonin' burge did ream,
 All cling'd wi' ivy tight,—
 A-rar'd up strong 'pon buttress stout
 That vrom ez zides var zittid out,
 Ta kip en firm upright.

Th' road that auver'n used ta goo
 Was steep's a roof, an' narry too—
 'Cause make in pack-hoss day;
 Wi' nooks left in th' par'pat high,
 Ver chaps, when teams o'm gallop'd by,
 Ta stan' in out th' way.

A hunder'd vloods th' burdge had stood
 That zum ev stwone an' moore ev 'ood
 Had hurt er wash'd away;—
 Ee'd look when fields was var an' wide,
 In wenter, deep in wauder lied,
 Lik' a rock vur out ta sey.

* Bridge—often pronounced *brudge*.

An' jist za strong ! Ee stood za sturth,
 As thof grow'd out th' solid earth—
 A mountain'd zoonder vall ;
 An' dru * th' boddam,† var an' near,
 'Twas look'd at as a pictur dear,
 But vrownin'-grey wi'-all.

Ez builders now be quite vergot,
 Ver years agoo the'r buones did rot—
 We martals zoon decay !
 Th' work we meks, wi' 'genious han's,
 When we be dead as tumstwonnes stan's,
 But *they*, too, mould away.

Ver where's th' burdge ? Down, every bit !
 They zed that ee was on'y fit
 Ver pack-hosses, now coaches vlit,
 An' steam's a-used instid :
 A ire ‡ thing, moore smart by half,
 That zeed var off's za theene's a laff,§
 An' zum zes edden || 'xac'ly saff,¶
 Stan's in th' place ee did.

* Through.

† Iron.

|| Is not.

† Valley.

§ Lath.

¶ Safe.

VAREWELL TO THE AXE.

Written on the occasion of the Writer's changing his residence
from Axminster, November 10, 1848.

Varewell to thee, river, thou stream o' my heart,—
Varewell!—ver in zadness vrem thee do I part;
How I've know'd an' ev loved thee no language can tell,
Ner describe what I veel as I bid thee varewell.

Lik' a valued wold furnd hast thou e'er bin to me,
Ver my joys an' my griefs ev bin witness'd by thee;
Thou'st a-murmur'd a dirge when my zorras had birth,
An' thy stickles ev danced to my light-hearted mirth.

Vrem a cheeld ev I liv'd 'pon thy kowslip-spread banks,
An' ev played in thy mee-ads my half-hollerday pranks;
In th' zummer I've bathed in thy cool crystal tides,
An' when ice glazed thee o'er ev ketched yeat 'pon thy zslides.

As th' years roll'd along how my trail on thy strand
Ked be traced var an' near, when, wi' vly-rod in hand,
I'd all kear drow azide an' devote my spare hours
To th' music ev birds an' th' scent ev th' vlowers!

Oh! river, wi' thee ev bin ever entwined
 All th' love o' my kindred—th' love o' my kind;
 An' if anything *good* in my heart had a place
 I could link it wi' thee and thy influence trace.

Well then can it be weykness that leads me to grieve
 O'er th' Fate that compels me thy lov'd banks to leave,—
 That, as time da vly on, the moore strongly endears
 All that's mix'd wi' my brightest an' happiest years!—

That by day meks me think, an' by night meks me dream
 O' th' wull be-know'd spots in thy valley an' stream;
 An' in fancy sa vivid live over once more
 Th' delights an' th' plizures I've had there bevore!—

That da tull me, in age (should my life last till then)
 How I'll drag my stiff limbs to thy dear zide agen;
 An' th' scènes o' my youth to my thoughts gi'e the'r wing,
 An' improve by th' lessins reflection shall bring!

As I love thee in life zo I'll love thee in death,
 An' my last wish shall be, wi' my vast vleeing breath,—
 "Lay my buones 'pon the bank that thy dear waters lave,
 'Mong th' turf let th' daisies an' gulticups wave,
 An' thy murmurs be requiems over my grave!"

AN ANGLER'S DEATH-SCENE.

“ And when he quits his humble heritage
 It is with no wild strain—no violence ;
 But, wafted by a comely angel's breath,
 He glides from Time, and, on immortal sails,
 Weareth the rich dawn of Eternity.”

STODDART.

Not a zound in th' zick man's room ked* I hear,
 Sips † ez pankin' an' fäintly groanin',
 An' th' sobs ev ez wive, an' her vast-vallin' tear,
 An' ez childern disconsolate moanin'.

I stood by th' bed-zide, an' mournvully look'd
 'Pon th' face that I last zeed za cheerly,
 Now holler an' pale, that spoke plain ee'd be took'd
 Vrem th' furns that did love 'en za dearly.

An' away vlied my thoughts to th' days when we stroll'd
 Wi' th' rod by our favorite stream—
 An' th' years sim'd but yes'day—za zwift had they roll'd—
 An' th' whole sim'd as thof 'twas a dream.

He murmur'd my name, as I took es coold hand,
 An' ee whisper'd (while glaz'd wiz ez eye)—

* Could.

† Except.

“I da leyve thēase bad worl’ an’ da mount ta th’ land
That’s all beauteous an’ bright in th’ sky.”

No wāight ’pon es conscience had he ta tarment ’en,
Ez life had bin simple an’ lone;
An’ kine furns an’ true ee ed lef ta lament en,
An carry an’ voller en *home*.

Var away vrem th’ city ee’d pass’d all ez hours,
Conteynt, th’ best fortin, injoyin’;
In peyce an’ in quiet, ’mongst fiel’s an’ the’r flowers,
Th’ angle ez lishure imployin’.

Ee gid me ez rods—an’ a blessing ee breath’d—
Ta kip ver ez sake an’ ta mine en;
But ez “chattles an’ goods” in ez *will* ee’d a leyv’d
Ta th’ widder remaynin behine en.

Resign’d an’ prepar’d for a infinite life,
In a soft but deep prayer ee lied;
Then kiss’d all ez children, an’ hugg’d ez sad wife,
An’ shut vast ez eyes—AN’ EE DIED!

READER,—“MAY THY LAST END BE LIKE HIS.”



GLOSSARY.

Aader, after.

Aërly, early.

Afëard, afraid.

Agen, (Anglo-saxon,) against.

Agoo, ago.

Alwiz, always.

Anan? or 'nan? Synonymous with "what do you say?"

Angle-dog, a worm for fishing.

Archit, orchard.

Ar-a-one, a contraction of "e'er a one."

Askew, crooked.

At, synonymous with "contend with"—as "I'll *at* you
in a game."

A'th, earth.

Athurt, (athwart,) across.

Auft, ought.

Auver, over.

Auverright, opposite.

Avore, before.

Ax, ask—from the Anglo-saxon *Axian*.

Backey, tobacco.

Ballyrag, Anglo-saxon, to abuse.

Banging, large.

Ban't, be not.

Bastic, basket.

Bats, half boots.

Bay, to pond back a running stream.

Bēast, cattle.

Beedlehead, the miller's thumb.

Bin, been.

Binnon, suppose.

Bird-batting, the catching of birds by night with a net
and lights.

Blinc-buckey-Davy, Blind man's buff.

Blowth, blossom.

Boddom, valley.

Boit, bait.

Boot, as "to gi'e to boot"—from the Anglo-saxon *bot*;—
that is, to give something extra in an unequal exchange
of two articles.

Bother, to worry, to perplex.

Bother'd to a stake, an expression corrupted, perhaps,
from "burnt to a stake."

Break, to fail in business.

Brektus, breakfast.

Brim'le, bramble.

Bullick, applied both to male and female kine.

Bumbaily, a bound bailiff.

Bum-by, by and by.

Burdge, bridge.

Bush, to toss as a cow does.

By gor, gar, or gad, common expressions of obvious etymology.

Calling huome, the publishing of banns of marriage.

Cappical, capital, excellent.

Car, to carry.

Cas', can. "Cas' goo if ee 'ool."

Cass'n, cannot.

Chap, a person.

Charm, a noise, or confusion. "What a *charm* o' children!" From the Anglo-saxon *cyrm*.

Cheese, the pulp of apples prepared for the cider press.

Chilver, a ewe lamb.

Chim-chaw, tedious, prosy.

Chop, to make an exchange.

Chuck, choke—also a call for pigs.

Clatting, bobbing for eels.

Clävel, a mantel-piece. A house among the hills between Honiton and Taunton bears the name of "Ho'min Clävel," from the circumstance of its having a mantel-piece made of holly.

Clim, to climb.

Clinkerbell, an icicle.

Clout, a blow with the hand.

Colt, a novitiate. "You be a *colt*, and must pay yer vooting."

Come, to be ripe. "Theäse apple's too much *come*."

Cooch, field weeds.

Combe, a little valley opening into a larger one.

Coos, could—"Coos a-done it well enough."

Coosish, rather course.

Cowart, coward.

Creyle, creel.

Cringerkrum, twisted, flourished.

Cripse, crisp.

Croud, from the Welch *Crwth*, a fiddle.

Cutt, the wren.

Da, do.

Dabster, a proficient.

Disn', do not.

Dought, to extinguish a fire.

Downarg, to debate obstinately and offensively.

Drash, to thrash.

Dread, thread.

Dree, three.

Dretten, to threaten.

Dring, to squeeze in a crowd. "Māācy, dont ee *dringy* so."

Drink. To drink together is the surest proof of rustic friendship. It is almost an insult to refuse.

Drow, to throw.

Dru, through.
 Drub, to beat with a stick or the fists.
 Drush, the thrush.
 Dum'l'dore, the humble bee.
 Dùmp, blunt.
 Dumpy, short in stature.
 Du^upsy, inclined to be dark.
 Dun-no, don't know.
 Durns, the side posts of a door.
 'E, ee, he, and sometimes you, it, &c.
 Ed, would.
 Eddn', is not.
 Elbowgrease, manual labour.
 Elt, a young female pig.
 Eldrot, Anglo-saxon *eald*, and root, the wild parsley.
 'En, 'n, on, Anglo-saxon *hyn*. "Ketch'n, Jack."
 Er, or.
 Es, ez, is, or his.
 Ev, of.
 Ev'ry bit and crumb, totally, entirely. "Theäse is every
 bit and crumb za good as theck."
 Eyte, eat, ate.
 Feller, fellow.
 Fine-rod-voke, "*gentlemen*"—anglers, fops, whom the
 rustic holds in deserved contempt.
 Flannin', flannel.
 Furnd, friend.

Furrells, (furrills,) the covers of a book.

Fust, first.

Gad (goad,) a stout stick.

Gangag'ous, mindful of, "I've bin moore gangag'ous o' my mouth than I have o' religion," was the expression of a person who had stayed home from church to eat fruit.

Gammykin, "attitudinizing."

Geäm, game.

Gee, gie, *give*; gid, *gave*.

Git, get.

Godymighty's-cow, the ladybird.

Goodlivier, (good liver,) one who has extensive house-keeping.

Gookoo the Cuckoo.

Gramfer, grandfather.

Grammer, (from the Norman-French, Grandmère,) grandmother,

Gookoo-spattle, the frothy nidus of the *Cicada spumaria*, attributed to the spitting of the cuckoo.—*Barns*.

Gravelling, the salmon fry.

Grigg, to squeeze.

Grub, the crab apple.

Guinea. "The rustic always bets *a guinea*."

Gully, a water-course.

Gulticup, the buttercup,—*ranunculus bulbosus*.

Gumshun, common sense.

Gurn, grin.

Gurt, great.

Gurdled, griddled, A "gurdled cake" is the rustic's dainty.

Guss, a girth; also, to tighten extremely. "Thee 't bu'st if 's *guss* thy zel up zo."

Gwine, going.

Gwains on, proceedings "Pery gwains on, these, b'ant em."

Haa, hev, 'ev. (Anglo saxon *ah*) *have*.

Hag, a kind of demoniacal fairy, supposed to possess supernatural power over horses and other animals.

Halter-path, a horse road.

Hāāves, (Haws,) thorn berries. Used as a term of comparison when speaking of numbers, as "th' vish be za thick as hāāves."

Hames, part of the collar of a draught horse.

Handy, useful. "He's a smart *handy* feller enough."

Han't, have not, or has not.

Hang-gallis, fit for the gallows. "A hang gallis dog!"

Hansel. Success with the first use of a new implement, as, "to hansom a rod," means to catch fish with it the first time of using—considered to be indicative of future luck.

Hart, the haft of a knife.

Hatch, (Anglo-saxon *Hæca*,) a little gate. Also the principal door of a church.

Henge, the liver, *lights* (lungs,) and heart of a calf or sheep.

Hobble, a difficulty.

Hog, a one year-old sheep.

Hold-wi', to agree with.

Home, "going home," *dying*. "Poor old Sam ez *gwine home*."

Holm, holly.

Hoss, horse.

Hoss-stinger, the dragon fly.

Hunk, a large slice.

Hurd, red.

Hursh, to rush.

Husbird, from *wo*, Anglo-saxon, *evil*, and bird—a bird of evil. Applied to persons.

Huz'if, a house wife.

Innion, onion.

Ire, i'er, iron.

Iss, from the Anglo-saxon *gese*, *yes*.

Itt, yet. "Not itt," not yet.

Jack-in-the-wad, the *ignis fatuus*.

Janders, the jaundice.

Jup, or g'up, a contraction, probably, of gee-up, *go on*—applied to cows.

Kear, care.

Kecker, the windpipe.

Ked, could.

Kag, a small barrel. From the French *caque*—a root sufficiently familiar to our smugglers on the coast.

Kill-devil, a kind of artificial minnow.

Kim-āā-th'-wāā, (come here this way,) applied to horses
when they are required to keep to the left.

Kird, card.

Knap, a little hill or eminence.

Knotlings, the entrails of a pig.

Kore, choir.

Kursmas, christmas.

Laberly, wet weather. Used chiefly in Somersetshire,
where there is a saying that: "a labberly May makes
a good crop of hay."

Lady-wash-dish, the *wag tail*.

Lake, a brook.

Lef, leave. "I on't lef 'en, sure."

Lease or leyze, from the Anglo-saxon, *lesan*, to glean.

Learse, (Anglo-saxon *læs*,) pasture land.

Lebb'n, eleven.

Leer, leary, empty in the stomach, almost faint with
hunger.

Lents, loan. "I'll gi'e ee th' *lent's* o'n ver a week."

Lew, Anglo-saxon *Hleow*, sheltered.

Limber, pliable.

Lippits, rags.

Look sharp, be quick.

Lop, to walk lazily, also loosely built,—applied to an indi-
vidual. "He's a gurt lopping feller."

Lovechile, an illegitimate child.

Lumper, to stumble.

Mag, to irritate by repeated complaints. "Dont ee
maggy zo."

Maiden-tree, a tree not a pollard.

Maust, most.

Meäny, the minnow.

Mether, (hither,) come to me. Applied chiefly to horses.

Mid, might.

Mock, a stump or root.

Moil, to strain with labor.

Mumpheyde, a dull, stupid person.

Muv, move.

Nar, *never*,—"nar-a-one"—not one, or never-a-one.

Near, stingy.

Neet, not yet, nor yet.

Nickey-fackott, a little fagot.

Nish, tender.

Niss'le tripe, the youngest and weakest of a brood or litter.

Nit, nut, net.

Noän, none.

Nodiss, notice.

No call, no necessity for. "No call to goo nyst he, Jim.'.

Noghead, a stupid fellow.

Nort, nothing.

Nunch, lunch.

Nyst, near (Anglo-saxon *nihst*, nearest.)

O' of.

Odds, difference. "What odds is that?"

Ollar, the alder.

Onlight, to alight from a horse or vehicle.

On't, will not.

Ood, would.

Ool, will.

Ort, anything.

Orts, waste or broken victuals. "Gi'e th' poor feller a
vew *orts*."

Oush, used in driving pigs.

Pank, to pant.

Pails, railings.

Parmer, the palmer worm.

Peärt, lively. "You be za peärt as a maggot, to-day."

Peewit, the lapwing.

Peckish, hungry.

Peckis, the pickaxe.

Peyle, the salmon peal; that is, a salmon which has but
once visited the sea.

Pexyword, (the *pixy's hoard*,) the few remaining apples
on a tree, the crop of which has been taken in.

Pick-nit, a pic-nic.

Pickey-back, the carrying of a child on one's back.

Pinner, a child's apron.

Pinking, poorly, in delicate health.

Pitchin, a pavement of small stones.

Plim, to swell.

Plusher, the larger sticks pinned horizontally on a quick-set hedge.

Plough. In addition to the well known implement, the farm waggon and horses are often included under the general term *plough* :—" Farmer Smith got a cappical *plough* ;"—meaning that his *waggon and team* are excellent. The *plough*, properly so called, is commonly known as the *zull*, from the Anglo-saxon *syl*.

Popple, popple stuone,—a *pebble*.

Pumple-vooted, club footed.

Pur, a male lamb.

Putt, a dung cart.

Put up to, to stop at.

Put up wi', to bear patiently.

Puxy, a bog.

Quar, a quarry.

Quine, the angle stone of a wall.

Quirk, to breathe violently after exertion.

Rabbin, or rabbin-rurdick (redneck) the *robin*.

Rag, synonymous with *mag*.

Rames, remains ; a skeleton of an animal.

Rammil, (raw milk,) cheese made of unskimmed milk.

Ram-jack. " Every ram-jack o'm," meaning every single individual.

Ramshackle, rickety.

Range, (reach) a pool or deep portion of a river, used in contradistinction to *stickle*.

Rathe, early.

Ronk, rank.

Ruckey-down, to stoop.

Rung, the round of a ladder.

Sassy, saucy.

Sar, to serve, to earn. "I han't *sar'd* a penny to-day."

Sate, soft.

Scotch, a notch.

Scouce, to prance, to gallop.

Scram, small ; also, to wither. Used in another sense
also : "I be *scram'd* wi' th' coold."

Scroff, refuse, waste.

Settle, a long kitchen seat, with a high back.

Sey, sea.

Shan't, shall not.

Sharps, shafts.

Shed, should.

Shule, a shovel.

Shut, to join or weld iron ; to *shoot*.

Siddent, sudden.

Sight, great number or quantity. "There was sitch a
sight o' vokes."

Sim, seem.

Sinn, son.

Sitch, such.

Sithes, chives (*allium schænoprasum*.)

'Sips, except.

Skess, scarce.

Skimmil', skimmed milk. Also the cheese made from it.

Skittish, playful.

Skitty, the water-rail.

Skivver, a skewer.

Slack, abuse. "Let's hāā none o' yer *slack*, now."

Slat, to throw down violently. "Lor how he *slat* 'n
down!"

Slice, a fire-pan.

Slips, young running pigs.

Slommikin, slovenly,

Slottery, wet dirty weather.

Smeech, from the Anglo-saxon *smic*, smoke, or dust.

Snacks. "To goo snacks," to share profits.

Snack, a slight meal.

Sneech, greedy.

So's, "Well so's, (companions, friends) how gits ee on?"

Sparkid, spotted.

Sparticle, Spectacle.

Span new, quite new.

Squoil, to throw stones at birds, &c.

Stare, the starling.

Stan' to, to persist in.

Stickie, a "run," or swift part of a river. See "Range."

Stid, to study; also thoughtful, gloomy. "He's all of
a *stid*."

Strake, a streak.

Strake, to stalk, or loiter.

Stockey, stout grown.

Stogg, to be over one's shoes in mud.

Suent, smooth ; also to appear thoughtful.

Sumple, supple.

Summy, to cipher.

Switheart, a sweetheart, or lover.

Swop, to exchange.

Tack, to engage in, (corrupted, probably, from attack,)

“ I'll hev a 'tack at et.”

Tacker, a waxed thread.

Tackle, to fight with, to accomplish. “ He tackl'd em well.”

Taffety, dainty in appetite.

Taffle, to entangle.

Taties, potatoes.

Testyment, the *New* Testament, as distinguished from the *Old* Testament, which is called invariably the Bible.

Theäs, *this*, thease, *those*.

Theck, (from the Anglo-saxon *thilk*,) that, that one.

Thof, if,

Tiddivate, to trim one's dress.

Tinniger, a small funnel.

Took-to, caught, matched.

Touse, a blow with the fist.

Tow, to entice.

Tranter, a carrier.

- Tull, to tell, to talk. "He an' I was *tulling* together."
 Turmit, a turnip.
 Tussel, a struggle.
 'Twaddn'. It was not.
 Uppingstock, steps or a block for mounting a horse.
 Urch, rich.
 Vase, verse.
 Valley, value.
 Vilip, a violet.
 Villvare, the fieldfare.
 Vine-rod voke, *gentlemen* fly fishers.
 Vinnid, (Anglo-saxon *finnie*,) mouldy; and, oddly enough,
 the common term for a peevish (*foreweaned*) child.
 Vippence, five pence.
 Vitty, proper, correct.
 Vlidd, flood.
 Voke, folk,
 Volly, to follow.
 Vorehurner, forerunner.
 Voreright, blundering, thoughtless.
 Vower, four.
 Vrem, from.
 Vuller, fallow ground.
 Var, *far*; vurder, farther.
 Vurry, very.
 Vuzz, furze.
 Vuzznapper, a horse bred upon a heath.

Want, a mole.

Want-knap, a mole heap.

Ward, to wade.

Warny', warrant you. "I'll warny' t'ill rāin."

Weeld, wild.

Wi', with.

Wim to winnow.

Wit, white.

Withy, a willow.

Wiz, was.

Whicker, to neigh.

Wobble, to shake.

Wog—used in driving horses to direct them to the right hand *from* the Driver, who walks on the left side.

Perhaps from the Anglo-saxon *wegan* to move.

Wold, old.

Wopper, a large one (of anything.)

Wopse, a wasp.

Woth, oath.

Wringhouse, the place in which the cider-press is erected.

Wuss, wusser, worse.

Wots, oats.

Y' you. Often used in a curious manner at the end of words, with which it appears to have no proper connection; as, "'Till wetty to-day," that is, it will rain to-day.

Yeller, yellow.

Yell, an eel.

Yer, your.

Yeat, beat. "Can ee catch yeat, ta day?" a very common mode of salutation.

Yird, heard.

Za, so.

Zāā, to saw.

Zeed, *saw*. After all, perhaps, the rustic mode of forming the past tense of the verb *to see*, as well as that of many other verbs, is, strictly speaking, correct. Verbs have become *irregular* by corruption, the legitimate mode of forming the past tense and passive participle being the addition of *d* or *ed* to the infinitive. Even *seed*, therefore, may really be more in harmony with the idiom of the language than the more refined *saw* and *seen*.

Zeeve, a sieve.

Zex, (Anglo-saxon,) a tiler's chopping instrument.

Zit 'ee gwine—"I'll zit ee gwine"—that is, I will accompany you a short distance on your journey.

Zot, sat.

Zugg, (sugg.) The *lernea trutta*, or trout-louse—a parasitical insect with which that fish is infested when out of season.

Zull, self.

Zum, some.

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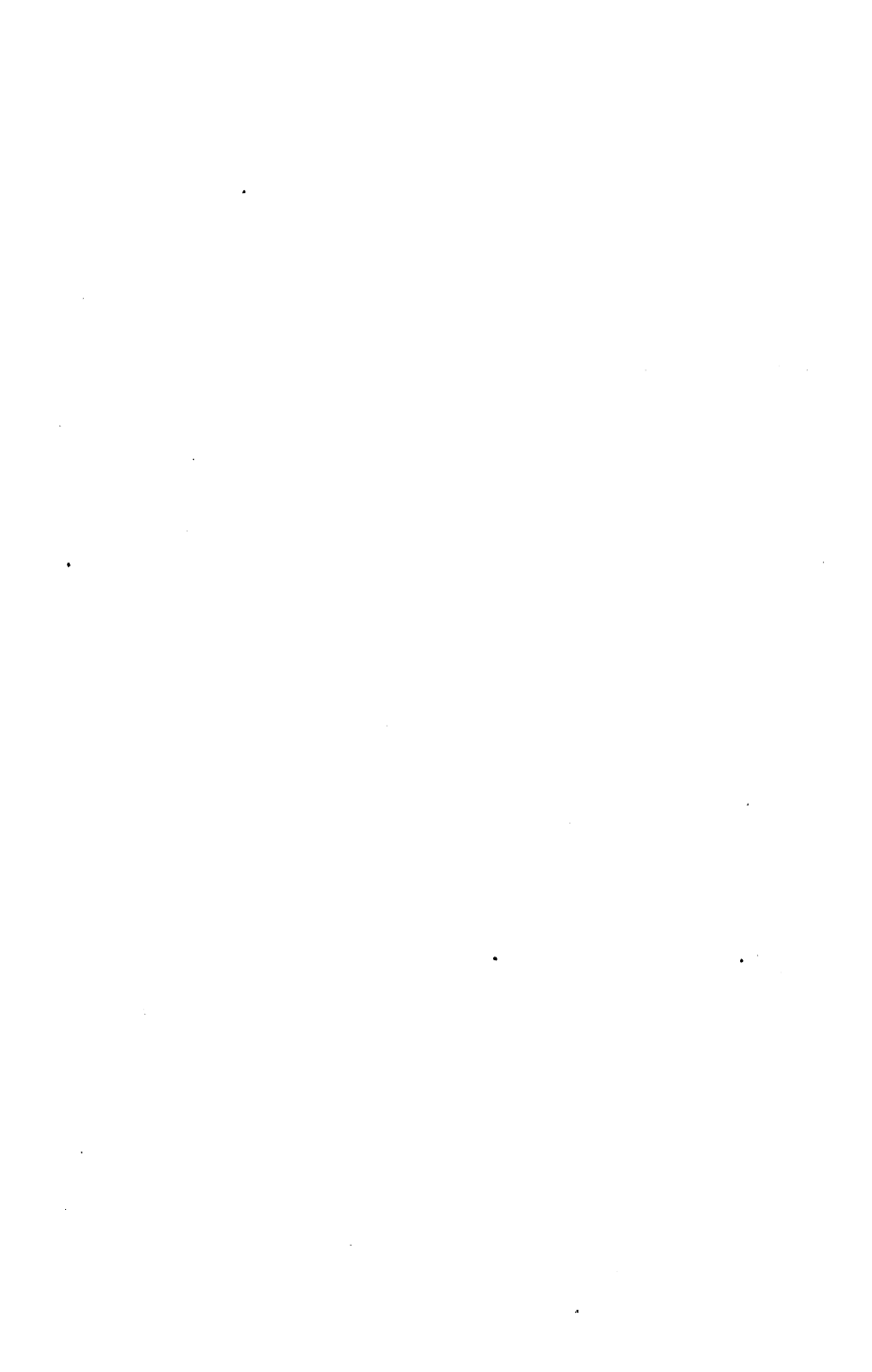
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